



Waiting For You by Genesis.Malfoy

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Summary: It was the first time they were conscious that there's was a talk waiting to happen between them. The kind of talk that haunts teenage couples, especially the inexperienced ones. The talk that's brings the beginning of their adulthood. Their first time. A/N Please Read, Enjoy and Review. Happy Valentine's Day to all!

Waiting For You

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WAITING FOR YOU

July, 1987

It wasn't exactly easy to talk about it.

They were both sitting on the couch on Mike's basement, each sitting very still and staring at the furthest spot in complete silence. They were holding hands, yes, but just barely.

- Do you think we should talk about it?

Eleven's voice came in a whisper and apparently from nowhere and Mike turned to face her, just as blushed as she was.

- About what? – he asked, although he knew exactly what she was talking about.

It was a new kind of issue, if you could say so. It wasn't something bad either, at some point in their relationship they figured it was something they'd have to talk about, right? But they definitely never imagined that such issue would come along with a *fucking* picture on Nancy's room.

It was ridiculous, more than ridiculous to feel so uncomfortable because of it, after all they had been dating for over two and a half years and they were both fifteen years old, almost sixteen. If it was someone with whom they could talk about anything without being afraid or embarrassed, it was the one sitting next to one another. Mike and El trusted each other with everything because people in love would trust blindly on one another and they could always talk about whatever was in their hearts, because they knew there won't be any judgment or mocking. They knew each other perfectly, every thought and every feeling deep inside, they knew the other entirely.

Well, *almost* entirely.

- Sex.

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That Sunday, Hopper had taken El to the Wheeler's house a couple of hours earlier than he used to because he still felt reluctant about leaving her alone if he could help it. Especially since he wouldn't be at the Station but in the next town helping with a kidnap case and working together, since Callahan had shot dead one of the kidnapers and they had to move the body from morgue to morgue to decide which town had to respond for the dead body and also, catch the others who had escaped. So with his Sunday so busy that would hold him until very late, he felt better at leaving El with her boyfriend where he knew she'd be safe. Although, as the kids grew up, he wasn't so sure that those two being alone was the best idea anymore.

Of course Mike and Eleven were more than happy to spend the entire day together and also just the two of them. Dustin was visiting an aunt, Max was grounded for skating through a window, Lucas had his cousin's wedding and Will had a date too.

And Karen was delighted on having a guest on the Sunday lunch especially since Nancy left to college and having someone new in the table to feed, was the best therapy she could ask for. Besides she liked Mike's girlfriend. Sure the girl was sometimes mysterious but she didn't care because that young girl would eat every single thing she prepared, and she loved stuffing people with her food. So it was actually a two way bonding-eating relationship they both enjoyed.

- Ohhh I'm soo so full! I think you should carry me in your arms because I can't walk. – joked Eleven, throwing her arms around Mike's neck and walking barely on her tiptoes since he was so much taller than her.

Mike laughed. – I told you, baby. My mom's spaghetti and meat balls are not a meal to repeat twice.

He had placed his hands on her waist while walking slowly with a smile on his face. Pet names weren't something they thought would

catch on with, but he had to call her somehow when they were around his parents and since she didn't like being called Jane by him and he didn't like it either, they decided that 'baby' was actually kind of cute

- I couldn't help it, besides I just don't understand how you can be so thin when your mom cooks the way she does. I would build her a statue if I were you. – said Eleven to her boyfriend placing a small kiss on his lips then turned around to his mother without letting him go yet. – Could you please teach me someday, Mrs. Wheeler?

Karen thought that those two were really sweet. Sometimes she was bewildered by Mike's girlfriend who was shy and quiet when she would arrive and five minutes later she would be funny and touchy and easy to talk to, and she obviously made her son happy.

- Of course! – she quickly accepted, while trying to push a food container with leftovers inside an already filled freezer.

- Let me help you, Mrs. Wheeler. – El offered letting her boyfriend go and going to his mother but, when she reached the freezer, the food container slipped from Karen's fingers, opened and fell on Eleven's chest and the kitchen floor.

- Oh Jane, I'm so so sorry! – Mrs. Wheeler started to apologize while wondering what to clean first, if the meat and sauce from the kitchen floor or her son's girl. Luckily Mike came to the rescue.

- Oh shit, I think you should take this off quickly, babe and we should clean this up before it stains. – Mike said, whipping some meat from her shoulder and her chest with a napkin. Soon he started to grin. – Well, you liked the food and the food liked you too, I guess.

Both teenagers laughed at his joke, Eleven hitting him playfully on his arm while letting him clean the stain as much as he could from her pink shirt. None of them realized at the moment that it was the first time Mike had gotten his hand underneath her shirt, even when it was only to avoid the oily sauce from making contact with her bra.

- I'm so sorry, Jane.

- Don't worry, Mrs. Wheeler, it happens. - she said with a sincere smile.

- Mom, what takes tomato's sauce out from cotton?

- Oh, no son, leave it to me. Nancy left a lot of her clothes here, why don't you kids go to her room and find something for Jane to wear and bring me the shirt? I'll leave it as good as new.

Both kids nodded and went upstairs, Mike still had his hand under her shirt keeping the stain from touching her chest and Eleven was holding back a grin when she noticed that, in fact, Mike seemed totally oblivious of where he had his hand.

When they got to Nancy's bedroom, Mike turn to find a shirt for El in his sister's drawer while his girlfriend pulled off her stained shirt and took the first one Mike had given to her. But it was green and she didn't like green, not at least that shade of green, so she helped Mike looking for that one shirt with little hearts Nancy had that El always liked and knew it didn't fit her anymore.

- Here it is! – said Mike, pulling out the shirt they were looking for for El and when he unfolded it, hidden from between the sleeves, a bunch of pictures fell on the floor to their feet.

- What is..? – said Eleven, taking one of the pictures and holding it so Mike could see it too, whom still had the shirt in his hands.

Both Mike and Eleven saw a young woman butt-naked, holding her legs up to her chest and showing in detail the area usually covered by underwear. The young woman, the girl was... his *sister*.

- Oh fuck NO! – yelled Mike covering Eleven's eyes with the shirt and taking the picture off her hand and throw it to the garbage, hoping that all those pictures and the entire room burst into flames as soon as they get out of there so he would never have to see something like that ever again.

Eleven just took the shirt and looked at Mike, both stunned.

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- Jeez, I swear I'll never be able to look at my sister in the eye ever again. – said Mike holding his face on his hand and, as if it was sent from the sky, a loud laughter attacked both teenagers who had been so silent and awkward only seconds ago.

Mike fell against the back of the couch and bumped his head against the wall hard but he didn't care, he was laughing so hard he thought he was going to pee his pants; Eleven, on the other side was sprawled across the couch and holding herself on its arm, trying to stifle the sound but laughing so hard that her stomach was aching. They weren't even sure *why* they were laughing, when they saw the picture they flew out of the room, Eleven with the shirt still in her hands and showing for all the world to see her pink bra which caused to embarrass both teenagers equally; El because she wasn't dressed and Mike because it was the first time he had seen her like that. Not even the bathing suit counted, given that Hopper only let her use the one piece kind.

But deep down they knew why they had been so awkward, because it was the first time they were conscious that there was a talk waiting to happen between them. The kind of talk that haunts teenage couples, especially the inexperienced ones. The talk that's brings the beginning of their adulthood.

Their first time.

Losing their virginites was a thought that begun to take shape, vaguely and distantly in the back of their minds since they had sex ed in school a couple of weeks before the end of the school year, in May. Mr. Clark along with a sexologist had first explained how the body worked and the differences between girls and boys besides the obvious, how their bodies respond and the diseases from having unprotected sexual intercourse causes. They had even show them the private parts of both men and women on plastic demos which made the entire class to joke around and blush and laugh; they even had to practice how to put a condom on bananas and cucumbers that, still, neither Mike nor El had eaten again. But the actual thought of having sex built in their minds almost without knowing it, until that day when they were recovering from the shame and laughter from Nancy's picture, when they remembered what said class had built inside.

Eleven lean to kiss Mike sweetly between giggles, holding his face with a small hand.

- I think it shouldn't be this awkward for us to talk about it, Mike, not after all this time together.

He smiled, there was no way he could actually understand how was he dating such wonderful girl. Not in two years, nor in twenty.

- I know, El, I know. It's just, you know, our *first* time. Losing our virginities is like the biggest physical step we would give, the last barrier. It's big.

She nodded in agreement. The most intimate thing they had ever done until then, was kissing passionately and deeply at the movies when the film sucked and they used its time to make out in the dark. Or that one time when Eleven – who used to go over Mike's earlier than the rest of the party so she could have time alone with him before their long D&D campaigns –, had arrived to his house later than usual because of a dentist appointment. That one time, three hours later on their first bathroom break, El had taken Mike to the bathroom with her to kiss him for a good – and steamy – five minutes of hard french kissing; that was the first and only time that Mike had grabbed her butt and she found out she had actually enjoyed it way too much.

Now, thank God, the awkward silence was gone and Eleven rested on top of him, cuddling on the couch like they used to do, whether it's on the fort in his basement or the couch, or at the cabin on a hammock in the afternoon. Mike lean to kiss her softly and deep thinking about how beautiful she was.

When they parted, she thought about something and lifted her head just a little bit towards him.

- Have you practiced on your own? – suddenly asked Eleven.

Mike found himself shaking his head and blushing deep red so fast, he thought that he would start howling like the cherry on top of Hopper's van. But immediately he remembered that one line he told Eleven all those years ago. He bit his lip and blushed even harder

because Friends Don't Lie and especially *not* boyfriends.

- Yes. – he whispered low and embarrassed, like if he had just admitted doing something bad... every time he took a shower.

Eleven lifted her eyebrows in surprise and stared at him for a moment without disapproval or disgust. Because it was one thing to say that the idea of actually having sex had barely started taking form in the back of their minds, and something entirely different was denying the fire growing inside her body because all those make out sessions actually gave her pleasure every night.

- Me too. – she admitted, blushing as well.

Mike mouth fell open so wide that he wondered how was he ever going to close it. Only thinking about his sweet, innocent girlfriend *practicing* while fantasizing about him, made Mike think that he would *think* about her that night... twice.

But he didn't wanted to make her fell uncomfortable so he forced himself out of his shock and smiled before leaning to kiss her and stroke her arm, holding her tight.

- Wow, I'm the luckiest teenager in the worl-Ouch! – Mike whined between giggles when Eleven pinched him.

- You are cocky, you know that? – she said squishing his cheek playfully.

Mike kept laughing then sighed, taking Eleven's ponytail undoing it just a little bit so he could burry his fingers between her soft hair and stroke it the way she liked it. Those little satisfied sounds she made when he'd do that, suddenly became sweeter than ever.

- I guess we are neither the first or the last couple who has to talk about this, but they should have taught us how to have this conversation on sex ed. Although I guess adults don't care *when* we do it, but *how* we do it and how to protect ourselves. I guess they think we are all horny teenagers ready to screw around with anyone.

El looked at him while he talked, thinking about what he said. Obviously they weren't just anyone to one another but still she

couldn't understand how people could do the sex with other people they barely knew. She couldn't even imagine herself holding another boy's hand, because 'anyone' that wasn't Mike would never be good enough.

She sighed deeply enjoying the way his fingers were moving in between her hair. – I guess it's rare to see teenagers as in love as we are.

They couldn't even follow Lucas and Max's example, who had been doing it since last Christmas. Yes, they knew those two were in love too, even when they never showed it, even when from outside the party people could think they were only friends. And they knew that - Max told Eleven, Lucas told Mike – that first time came up spontaneously during a steamy make out session on Lucas's room one afternoon with his parents downstairs and that it wasn't planned, not even talked about. And even when it had been romantic, *kind of*, neither Mike nor El could imagine themselves losing their virginities that way.

- Max told me it hurt when Lucas pushed himself inside her.

Oh, Mike did not need to know that.

- Do you think it will also hurt me, Mike?

- Well... Uhm, I guess so. – he whispered, frowning a bit thinking carefully. Actually he was thinking hard of how to get out fast from that question. He really didn't wanted to get too happy inside his pants with his girlfriend lying on top of him, but avoiding Eleven's eyes, those wonderfully big beautiful eyes, was something he couldn't do especially when he noticed a hint of fear on them. – No, I mean that I... I'm going to be c-careful when...

He gestured with his hand pushing forth onto the air blushing deep. El held back a smile because she didn't wanted him to stop, seeing Mike that blushed was extremely funny.

- Y-you know, I think it will hurt b-because you're... I mean your h-hymen breaks when I push myself, I mean my... Because it gets ermmh it gets hard. – he was rambling and he was so embarrassed he

could feel himself growing a headache.

Mike wanted to be swallowed by the upside down more than ever.

But Eleven couldn't hold back anymore and laughed despite her effort to stay quiet, her body shook on top of him trying hard not to laugh and Mike noticed she had been making him feel uncomfortable *on purpose*.

- Hey, that was cruel! – he said and quickly moved his hands to her waist and started tickling El on her stomach, laughing despite himself when she bursted into waves of hard laughter. Mike spoke between his teeth. – My own girlfriend tortured me, now she has to be punished. – he said moving his hands under her arms and through her stomach.

- Oh my... Please Mike, stop! Sorry! – she yelled, gasping for air and laughing hard on top of him trying to free herself from his hands and failing miserably, she had tears rolling down her cheeks but they were all proof of her fun.

Mike stopped before she lost all the air from her lungs, Eleven fell on his chest breathing hard recovering and he wiped away her tears with his thumb, laughing as well. There were butterflies fluttering in their stomachs because laughing together was simply the best.

After two minutes of comfortable silence, he was holding her and playing with her hair when he spoke again. – I'll be as careful and tender as I can, you know that right?

She nodded. She knew for a fact that, when the time comes, she had nothing to be worry about.

Of course they got deeply nervous just to think about it, but even if none of them knew when would it happen, it was certain that Mike would take her like the treasure she was for him, like she was made of crystal because no matter how passionately they like to kiss sometimes or how bad their fire could burn their insides when desire hits them; he would always *always* be sweet and tender with her. His fingers were like feathers, his hands soft like silk against her skin and Eleven knew she had nothing to fear when the time of intimacy

arrives, because knowing him the way she did, and loving each other the way they did, would make the inevitable burning sensation of her first time, get covered under his kisses and his caring touch.

That's why it's called making love, because when she thought about the way he would take her and the way she would take him too, it'd be more than sex. The word was love, everywhere.

Eleven sighed and hugged him back putting her hand between his arm and his body, lying comfortable on top of him and smiled contently enjoying how close they were. For the time being, lying like that was just fine. For the time being, lying and holding each other while taking a nap in a hammock or the couch, or under the fort – which Mike should really expand – was just fine in what sleeping together still meant. The kissing between periods, the little heart Eleven liked to draw on Mike's notebook when they were in class, making out when he arrived to the cabin and when he had leave, even sitting on his lap had its own kind of intimacy and was all part of the current innocence in their relationship. Because they still were only fifteen years old, because they had time and, for the time being, it was fine to hold back and enjoy the way their desire kept feeding every cell in their bodies after a day of kissing; because such desire made them miss each other even after a few hours since they kissed goodnight and it made every kiss, no matter how small it could be, feel like a fresh breeze after a long hot day.

And it was just enough... for the time being.

- I'm not ready yet.

Her voice was muffled against his chest and it surprised Mike, who thought she had fallen asleep already like every time he played with her curls. But he was also surprised because after he heard her say that she wasn't ready and after her words settled, he was amazed that she had to actually say it out loud. He knew she wasn't ready yet because he wasn't either, none of them were.

His fingers moved from her head to her nape playing with the short hairs on it and continue to caress its way to the side of her face, lifting Eleven up gently so she'd look at him, drawing circles on her jaw with his thumb before speaking as clear as he could.

- Hey, I know you are not, El, I would never rush you to anything.

The way Mike was looking at her with narrowed eyes made Eleven understand that what she said was misunderstood, her mouth opened in realization in a little 'o' shape and she shook her head when she realized her words had, somehow, hurt his feelings. Eleven lifted herself enough to look at him closer but not so much to leave her comfortable spot on top of him.

A small, delicate hand caressed Mike's right cheek. – Oh, Mike I know that. I wasn't saying, I mean I was talking to myself out loud, not you. I think that I needed to hear it from myself, like if reminding myself that, I would know that we have time.

Mike's face softened and gave her a sweet love struck smile, sighing in relief and nodding before leaning to Eleven and closing the space between them with two chaste but very long kisses, like the ones that started their relationship on the Snowball or the ones they gave each other on the hammock less than a month after the dance, over two years ago.

- Of course we have time. – He said in a loving whisper. – We have to be fully ready, we still have to go through a lot until we reach that day and God knows I want to be a little less clumsy when the day comes, so I could get to be what you want me to.

Eleven smiled, looking at him with adoration in her eyes. – You are already all that I want, Mike. A lot more than that.

He kissed her on the forehead. – You know what I mean.

She knew and rested again on top of him, getting comfortable while he hold her by the waist with his left arm and carried on massaging her head with the other.

Mike spoke so warmly as it was humanly possible because, even when he now understood that she didn't meant to say what he thought at first, he also wanted to be as clear as he could so she would never doubt of him. He would never pressure her to do anything she wasn't fully comfortable with. Mike would wait for Eleven to be ready for a year, or five, or fifty because he already had

waited, thousand of years ago, three hundred and fifty three days for her and possibly he had been waiting for her every single day since he was born. And she was there, he had Eleven with him on his couch in the basement on a Sunday afternoon, playing with her curls and filling his senses with her cherry shampoo, the sweet humming she made when she'd enjoy his touches and the way she would look at him with those big eyes like dark pools in which he could swim and drawn in, with the happiest smile. She was *his* beauty, *his* girlfriend, *his* mage, *his* queen; he would wait for her for millions years if she'd ask him too, because he belonged to *her*.

Eleven looked at him in the eye and got lost into those dark perfect eyes wondering what Mike was thinking every time he'd look at her like that. Wondering how deep his feelings were because every time she got closer to understand how much he really loved her, Mike would touch her and smiled at her in such way that made her feel gigantic and, at the same time so, so much smaller.

- What if it takes a long time until I'm ready?

Mike shuddered and smiled at her in a way she felt tiny and happier than ever. – Then I will happily wait a long time, you know why?

She shook her head smiling, although she actually knew. She just loved to hear it.

- Because I love you.

No spring or summer ever had as many butterflies as the ones fluttering in her tummy in that moment and every single time he would tell her that.

She lay back again on his chest but suddenly, and probably unintended, Mike said something that sounded distant.

- I'm not going anywhere, at least I know I will love you my whole life.

Again, Eleven lifted her head to look at Mike in the eye and this time she sit up dumbfounded and frowning playing the words he had just said in her head in a way that yes, was sweet but at the same time

was unpleasant. Suddenly El felt like she was swallowing something bitter as his words turned to be far from sweet by the second and such bitterness was threatening the butterflies fluttering in her stomach. It tasted weird, badly weird and a little sad too; if she hadn't just heard it from his own lips El wouldn't have believed it.

Didn't he know her at all?

She straddled him, sitting straight in a way she wouldn't miss any expression on his face and dig her eyes on his, where she would always read every single thought in his mind, powers or not.

- Do you think I'll get tired of being with you? – she said in a whisper, astonished and honestly, offended too. – Do you actually believe that someday I'll just stop loving you?

There wasn't, *really wasn't*, anything funny nor sweet on her tone. Eleven was, well... pissed.

He didn't answer at first because he couldn't look at her and, even when he was completely sure she was in love with him, he was also afraid and he hoped she would let it go. But she didn't, she wanted him to answer. Mike gathered the courage to connect their eyes and saw El, mouth slightly open and, as if he had just heard the words that came out of his mouth two seconds ago, only then he understood what it meant. It wasn't only because his girlfriend released herself from his arms, looking at him and practically demanding Mike to take back what he said – or actually what he wasn't saying –, looking beautiful with her hair all messy from his massages and also threatening, like if she was advising him to pick his words carefully; but also because it was the first time that he had actually told himself with real words and not unshaped feelings built in the corner of his mind his fears and they came out from his mouth scaring him as badly as possible. Saying it out loud, facing his greatest fear.

Suddenly he needs to open up before she ran off.

- What if you don't anymore?

A part of Eleven wanted him to be honest like that, and the other part that he'd deny it. She didn't know what was worst, if the

bitterness she first felt or the question he had just made which was clearly haunting him from the look on his face and the crushing fear in his voice. El saw Mike welling up, she felt herself close too.

- Don't you know me at all? – she softly whispered.

The way Mike looked at her and, even worst, the way he looked down after their eyes connected, made Eleven ease her tension and realize how hard it was for him saying it out loud.

- I wouldn't blame you, it's just that... *Fuck*, El, I am a dork and you are the most exquisite creature that had ever set a foot on this planet, and I look at you and think, how can I possibly be this lucky? Because I know there are better guys than me.

Better than him? Was he kidding? Eleven thought that no one could be as perfect as Mike, less of all better. Mike was like the equivalent of the infinite number in kindness, love and caring. He was the boy that loved her from the first time he saw her, the one that loved the girl, that currently loves the teenager and that will love the woman, and not because of her powers. Because she knew he didn't see those powers, because Eleven knew that he was always taking care of her even when she wasn't vulnerable at all and she saw those things on every single moment with him. He was even there whenever El was struggling with a jar of pickles she couldn't open and Mike would run to her to open it, forgetting that it would only need the tiniest flick of her mind to do it, or explode it; such simple things always reminded her just how true he was. How true his feelings were and, in the end, it was all out of love and love behaves that way.

Love was full of sweetness and fun, but also with fears and she knew that because if Eleven started digging in, she would quickly find, not to anyone's surprise, that she was also scared as hell of losing him. But she would never leave him, not now nor in a million years because she knew she was the luckiest girl on earth, because the kindest and sweetest – and hottest – boy in the entire world was Mike Wheeler, the one that found her, helped her, rescued her, waited for her and was currently loving her. And also because she was *his*, forever.

- I'm sorry, El, sometimes I say...

- Nonsense. – she cut him off but she wasn't frowning anymore, Eleven lean onto him, still sitting on his hips and caressed her thumb across his cheek, smiling. – A lot of nonsense, but I understand.

Mike lean to her hand and placed his hands on her thighs, he closed his eyes smiling and relaxing under her touch. Finally he looked back into her eyes.

- Waiting until we are ready, right? – he said and suddenly they laughed, amused and happily feeling how the weight of that uncomfortable tension was being lifted off of them just as quickly as it settled.

Eleven kissed him again and cuddled onto him, somehow feeling so much closer and she hummed in delight when his long fingers started playing with her curls making her shiver from her head to her toes.

Yes, waiting until they are ready. Not only waiting until they reach proper physical maturity for sex or the performance it requires to fill theirs needs and expectations, but also because they needed to be ready somewhere else. They needed to reach to the point where such maturity level covers them with confidence and safety, when they would have nothing to be afraid of, when there's nothing to have doubts about, where every little particle of embarrassment gets erased forever. Because they had to be ready to comprehend that the day when they finally met each other intimately, the only thing they should feel would have to be love and desire and intense pleasure where the world would get lost further than before. To be inside, around, deep and united with each other like no one had ever been and closing every single inch between them until they become one.

Eleven understood what he meant when he said 'being ready'. Mike was talking about growing up so they could fully understand the complexity of the activities they'd make, not only the sexual act but also because their relationship as they still knew it would end and a new relationship between them would open. The one between a man and a woman made to each other by two teenagers, growing up along with the love they shared and fed every single day.

- I will also wait for you, Mike. All you need, okay? – said El looking at him and nuzzling her cheek on his chest. Mike looked at her and

smiled.

- Thank you, baby.

- You're welcome, *baby*. – she joked at the nickname he only used in front of his parents but she knew he liked it too, and then she rested her chin on her hands and smiled, speaking so softly. – You know I love you Mike, don't you?

Mike kissed her forehead and leaned to kiss her on the lips, then nodded. Eleven, happy and relaxed settled back again in the arms of the boy she loved, enjoying the way he caressed and held her. They had everything they wanted there in each others arms.

- Good. – she whispered, ready to take her nap. – Let me know when you need me to refresh it for you.

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Hello everyone! I worked hard on this story to have it ready for this day. It's a Valentine's present for you guys and also a birthday present. It's my birthday but the gift is for you.

This one-shot was supposed to be a drabble and... I don't know what happened, haha.

*I hope you enjoyed it and **please, leave a comment** because it helps me writing and I have a lot of ideas.*

Until next time!